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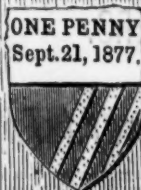
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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 97.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

LATENT LIBERALISM.

[BY SENDAB.]

IT was with no small feeling of satisfaction I learnt a few days ago that the project of a Junior Reform Club is at last about to take a concrete form, and that a new and—it is to be hoped—vigorous offshoot of the parent establishment in King Street will in a short time be planted. My satisfaction arose not only from the fact that I am anxious to be a member of the club, but chiefly from a conviction that such an institution is one of the vital necessities of the Liberal party in Manchester. The Reform Club serves its purpose admirably. It is the rallying point of the majority of the influential Liberals, not only in Manchester, but in all the district, and it is acknowledged as the headquarters of the political organization of the party. But the Reform Club can necessarily offer little to the younger generation of Radicals. It is just a trifle too expensive for the pockets of some of us, and, were it not so, there are already as many members on the books as can conveniently be accommodated. Yet, since under the condition of life in great cities a club becomes every day more indispensable, it is evidently unsafe to leave the young men who have identified themselves with the party without any institution of the kind, for I have already heard of one or two of the more weak-kneed sort who have gone over to the Junior Conservative because there was no Junior Liberal to receive them. And, indeed, the matter is a more serious one than might at first glance appear. It is not merely a question whether a number of young men are to be provided with an agreeable place for recreation or social enjoyment. It is really, looking at it in all its breadth and length, a question in which is involved the whole future of the Liberal party. It is a mere truism to say that the young Radicals who have just attained or are growing up to manhood are the hope of the Liberal party. That simply means that if there is to be any such party in the days to come it must be formed out of those who have some time yet before them in which to get old. But it often appears to me that those who are now the leaders of the party make a considerable mistake in tacitly assuming that necessarily and as a matter of course men will arise to take the places they now fill just as they themselves stepped into the shoes of their fathers. The times have altered since the chiefs of the Liberal party came to the front—and here I speak not locally but generally. Many of them received their education, not in the security of the drill shed, not on the peaceful field of a review, but in the shock of actual political battle. They had to struggle like men who knew that defeat would be, at best, a disaster which it would take years to retrieve, and, at worst, might be almost political annihilation. As John Bright remarked the other day, they were Reformers when to be so was unsafe, and many of them suffered for their faith. But the times are now quiescent. The lion of democracy has for a while gone to sleep, and many are they who hope he will never wake again. The generation which has but lately left school knows nothing of Corn Law and Reform Bill and other struggles, except by hearsay. What they know about politics they have to learn chiefly from books and newspapers—valuable educational agencies certainly, but not always calculated to arouse the earnest, living interest in the success of political principles which is felt by those who take a more active share in promoting that success. But things are not always going to remain so quiet. My prophetic eye can see troubles ahead, not less serious than those which have been overcome in the past, and we shall want as strong an army to confront them. The first object is, of course, to collect and discipline those who are to form the army; the next, to provide a bond of union which shall keep them together in time of peace. Such a bond I expect the Junior Reform Club—aided by the Liberal Clubs which are springing up in the suburbs—to be in Manchester, and everywhere else where such an institution is founded. I look to clubs like these to

provide the leaders of the party when those who now occupy the position shall have done with earthly politics for ever, and shall have reached the ultimatum of all earthly progress. It is all very well to talk about the hour and the man. I could point to many epochs in history when the hour struck and the man was not there—often because he hadn't the slightest idea that he was wanted, or because he didn't expect the clock to go so fast, and had turned into bed. Leaders have to be educated, not less than the rank and file, but indeed more so. We have no Cafés Procope to give us a Gambetta, so we must hope that the Liberal Clubs will raise one. We have men amongst us who have rendered invaluable services to Liberalism, that is, to humanity. Here in Manchester we have constantly before us such names as those of Robert Leake, of Robert Philips, of Jacob Bright, of numberless others which might be mentioned if I wanted to fill a column with names, and I can confidently say that the thing of which they would wish to be most particularly assured is that their work will not be suffered to remain incomplete for want of hands.

There can be no greater error than to suppose that Toryism is not a living vital force in politics, or to think of it as a dead inert mass, capable of being moved, but not of moving itself. On the contrary, it is at this moment the most powerful force in the world. All savages are Tories, and the energy of their Toryism is in proportion to their distance from civilization. It does not follow, of course, that all Tories are savages, though they nearly always display a strong sympathy with those who are—such, for instance, as those in England now show for the angelic Turk. One common bond between the civilised and the savage Tory is that neither have any convictions, for I do not call the mere superstitions, which both cannot help holding, convictions. This I put forward as a generalisation; but I might perhaps define an English Tory more exactly by calling him a man who has the courage of somebody else's convictions, that somebody just now being—not Lord Beaconsfield, for the very notion of associating the idea of settled convictions with his name is absurd—but rather Lord Derby or Mr. Gathorne Hardy, to whose dogmas their party subscribe without the slightest hesitation or reflection. The Tory party is an admirable one for fighting purposes, because it is practically entirely in the hands of half-a-dozen men, who can do what they like with it on the simple condition of repeating on every possible occasion the shibboleth—"British Constitution; Glorious Institution." And this brings me to what I have been driving at from the beginning of this paragraph, which is to say, that the danger from Toryism is as great now as ever it was. I do not mean that there is an actual danger of decided retrogression. We have gone too far that—though if Toryism were logical it would be different. But Toryism is not logical, or else, for example, we should never see such a preposterous anomaly as that of its appealing for support to popular suffrage. But we have not yet settled all the questions, the necessity of solving which prevents us from going straight on to the Millennium. Each generation, as far as we can see, will for a long time to come have its own peculiar problems. To-day it is the question of Disestablishment, of the Franchise, of the Rights of Dissenters; before many years are past it will be a question of far more moment than either of these—the question which seems to me the Sphinx's riddle of the future, that of the extinction of pauperism, not only of the pauperism which is in receipt of parish relief—the Registrar-General's returns, if you accept them, prove that to be slowly diminishing—but such pauperism as that which Mr. Ben Brierley lately described in a graphic letter, the pauperism which is every day increasing all over the length and breadth of the land. What there is bound up in this question I will not here stop to consider, but I will just say that you will never stop the advance of this pauperism while the land of Great Britain is held as it now is, and, when we come to

attempt any vital reform in this direction, then we shall have come to the turning point of a struggle which has lasted for centuries—then we shall have to fight one of the hottest battles that our political arena has ever seen. To fight with any chance of success we shall want leaders, we shall want, above all, a strong and disciplined army of combatants, such as enabled our fathers to conquer in the days long since gone by. There is, indeed, a troubled, but at the same time a glorious future in store for the rising generation of Radicals, if only they prove equal to the occasions which will present themselves. They, for whom their fathers won freedom, must consider it a sacred duty to extend that freedom to others. They who are now and will be still more in future confronted by misery and vice, by ignorance and stupidity, will have to struggle against them, and to come out victors or vanquished, and it is for them, firm in their convictions, heroic in their courage, self-denying in their devotion, patient amidst disappointments, and implacable in their enmity to all that is mean and base to perpetuate the noble traditions which they inherit from their predecessors, and to shed new lustre on the coronet already glittering with the radiance of celestial diamonds, that encircles the brow of the Goddess of Liberty.

AN HOUR WITH A PHRENOLOGIST.

[BY HEADS-TOU-WIN—TAILS-TOU-LOSE.]

FOR years I had been sorely puzzled to find out the real marketable value of my dear troublesome self. At one time I suspected that I might be the "coming man," and at another that I was only one of that great multitude of whom Carlyle says the world is mostly comprised. In my suspense I was confiding enough to seek the opinion of a gipsy fortune-teller, but her rendering of my palm was so terrible that I have been dubious of the cunning of my right hand ever since. At length I made up what little mind I had to consult a phrenologist, and, as I knew a professor in this great city of Manchester, I adopted the historic method, and went to him by night. Knocking at the door of a numerous storied house, I was answered by a red-haired girl, who rather curtly said, "Top floor, sir; never mind Bouncer if he barks at you."

As a rule, I'm not absolutely afraid of dogs, but, not having the pleasure of a prior acquaintance with Bouncer, I took a firmer hold of my "gingham," and prepared for emergencies.

Half-way up the stairs Bouncer appeared in kindly mood, and allowed me to travel upwards without a growl. In the course of time I reached the top floor, which was, at a rough guess, half a furlong from the street. In fact, the professor's studio was nearer the sky than desirable, and the ventilation generally at that altitude was masterly and sweeping.

In response to a gentle tap a voice cried, "Come in." In I went, and found myself face to face with the professor, who was despatching the remains of a supper, which, in its very best moments, must have been somewhat meagre.

Without rising, the professor said, "Pray be seated, sir," beckoning me to a chair in the corner.

"I am," he continued, "partial to sausage; but I always like to know something of the maker before I enjoy heartily this popular article of diet."

He then left the table and retired into a side room, promising to return in a "couple of seconds." In the learned gentleman's absence I glanced around at the busts and skulls which looked down steadily upon me from all sides of the studio, and I saw that "desperate characters" were his favourite subjects. Indeed, if I had not been distantly akin to the brave I would have "bolted," for I felt myself to be in notorious company, and a fear came upon me lest the professor should foreshadow a tragical issue to my eventful life. The professor re-entered, and commenced "business."

Looking steadfastly into my face he remarked, "I should say that you are more like your grandfather than your grandmother."

This was a poser, for I had never seen the old gentleman, but I nodded approvingly. The professor made the utmost of my nod, and said, "I thought so."

Placing his hand upon my head, he paused for a moment, as if in deep thought. I could feel his finger upon a large bump which had often given me great concern, and I now felt that the moment of revelation had come.

"Ah, sir," began the professor, "I fear you have missed your true sphere of achievement; your vocation was the tented field! you might have been a Napoleon!"

Considering that I had never aspired to the militia in my most buoyant days, I thought the professor was "a little out of it." But I nodded evasively, and the professor resumed his manipulations:—

"You're large in music; and if you are not a brilliant player you have been hiding your talent in a napkin. Have you ever tried the trombone?"

I replied that I had not hitherto practised on that delightful instrument. Reaching a bump situated at the back of my head, caused by a fall from an apple tree, the professor laughed impudently in my face, and said, "Oh, you joker! fond of the ladies, eh?"

This was hard to bear, but I confessed that I was partial to what are designated the "opposite sex."

"No offence, no offence," continued the professor, "but I never suppress such interesting facts."

I insisted that he would withhold nothing. He bowed, and proceeded:—

"You are, sir, a gentleman of honest intentions, but in the more trying circumstances of life I should expect you to falter. Have you ever been under the active cognisance of the legislature?"

This was really too strong, and I very indignantly replied "No!"

"Beware, sir, how you walk: it is easier to stumble than to recover," said the professor, gravely.

I was grateful for the uncomplimentary warning, and wondered what the next "tip" would be.

"One moment," replied the great man, and he filled a glass with what seemed to be stout. "I always have my beer from Bingham, over the way; but between you and me the animal is grievously triumphant in poor Bingham."

Knowing as little about Bingham, as I did of the dog Bouncer, I was weary of these digressions, and plainly told the discursive phrenologist that I was not exactly out for the evening, and that I would prefer a continuous examination. This was effectual, and the professor did not halt again.

"You're a fair memory for faces," were his next words, "and in the hour of self-defence you strike from the shoulder!"

This I could not contradict, for never having struck any person, I had yet to learn how I would "shape" in such matters.

"Good command of words; is kind to a fault. Do you dream much?"

I said that I had my share of visions.

"Will you let me see your tongue?" was the next demand of the professor.

"What for?" I asked.

"Because there is much in the position of the tongue that altogether escapes the ordinary phrenologist."

I at once exhibited the unruly member, and was then told to "shut my left eye." Here my patience well nigh failed me, but being a man of peace I did not "close" with the professor.

"That will do, that will do," said the interpreter; "there's nothing alarming, and I do not see why you should not live till you are eighty."

"I now pass," he continued, "to the frontal part of the brain, and here I find one or two remarkable manifestations. Seeing that it is now too late for you to take your true position in the army, I would suggest that you turn your attention seriously to the muffin trade, in which you are sure to make your mark. Your constructive powers are really splendid."

The solemnity of the occasion alone held in check a derisive laugh. My vanity had received a blow, but I awaited the end with mixed feelings.

"You are very affable, and in a select beerhouse you would soon make your fortune. By preference you're a long way above this business; but," continued the phrenologist, with considerable emotion, "we know what we are, although we know not what we may be."

The memories of the past had evidently moved the professor, and as my own courage began to fail I hinted that I would like to budge.

"Thank you," said the professor; "my fee is five shillings; a detailed chart would be a guinea."

I paid the amount, and fled to my own apartments, where for upwards of fifty minutes I disturbed the quiet of the household with roars of laughter, which led my landlady to whisper to her neighbours that "another good man had gone wrong."

There may be something in phrenology—perhaps there is much in it—but I guess that some of its "professors" are not greatly distinguished for their skill.

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BANKING AND POESY.

IN a recent paper of the series, "Manchester Banks and Bankers," which the *City News* has been publishing now for some time—a series which on many accounts is exceedingly interesting,—the ingenious author accounts for the special success of one particular Bank by reason of the vivid imaginations of its more prominent conductors. Let us quote a paragraph or two in support of our statement:—

"In figure and complexion Mr. James was of the substantial, florid cast. * * * His information was extensive and exact; he was attached to science and literature, and sketched with facility and grace. Best of all, he was a man of remarkably pure mind, and gifted at the same time with that inestimable intellectual blessing—imagination. Somehow there have been more men of imagination in the higher levels of the Manchester and Salford Bank than perhaps in any other in the town, a circumstance to which may be ascribed, in no slight measure, the happiness of its inner life, and its unalloyed prosperity."

There is a startling freshness in this theory which gives us pause. It may even be called a daring theory in its general application to our leading bankers—because, if the predominance of the imaginative faculty be good for any bank, it must be good for all banks, as garnish to their "inner life," and as aids to their prosperity. Very few of us who have had to do with bankers, or who have entered vividly into the question of bank advances, will have found out that the main inducement to those conveniences was the imagination. A flippant logician might argue that the poetic fancy of the banker led him to *imagine* that he would get his overdraft back again with commission and interest; but that would be a grovelling view of our author's theory, and we cannot admit it into a serious topic like this. Indeed, another short quotation will enable the author to elucidate his own meaning:—

"For the men of imagination, the men whose temperament is of the species called poetic, not only enjoy the privilege of seeing into the depths and significance of things; it is these who especially sympathise, their sympathies giving birth to kindness and considerateness, forbearance and generosity."

By these observations a flood of light is thrown upon the operations of the banking craft, and we no longer see it through a glass darkly, but face to face.

"Mr. James was a poet, in the popular sense of the term. In 1841 he published a little volume, one of the pieces, of which, 'My Silent Thoughts,' had we space, we should gladly quote."

It would be very interesting to us to know, and to be able to quote the silent thoughts of Mr. Sam Brooks, or Mr. John Reid, and we sincerely hope that Mr. Tom Cooke will take an early opportunity of favouring us with a few canticles after the lead of his gifted predecessor in the science of banking.

A sonnet by Mr. Cooke on "Endorsement without Regress," or on "The Deep Disapson of Discounts," would electrify 'Change and be a joy for ever; and should these verses appear the *Jackdaw* shall find space to quote them.

We learn, therefore, that a banker in order to be brilliantly successful should be poetic, and therefore sympathetic, and that he should enjoy the privilege of seeing into the depths and significance of things. When he strikes a balance, he should simultaneously strike a lyre. The late Mr. Samuel Brooks used to say that the qualifications necessary for a good banker were a good memory and the power to say No. For this reason another Samuel—Mr. Rogers of that ilk—wrote "The Pleasures of Memory." Rogers was a poet, and confirmed very amply the leading idea of our author. It was said of a notorious toper from Stalybridge that when the late Mr. Cox, of the Branch Bank of England, to whom the Stalybridge toper had presented a cheque, asked the latter how he would have it, the rollicking toper, forgetting himself, made answer, "Cold without." Here we have the poetic banker answered, so to speak, in his "own coin." Nothing can be clearer when you come to search into "the significance of things" than that the life of a banker is one long song. Our bankers, rightly considered, have contributed a series of Lalla Rookhs. As imagination bodies forth the form of things unknown, the banker's pen turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothings an alarming amount of credit. The steps to Parnassus are from 6½ to 8 per cent, "plus a constantly increasing bonus." Can the poetic faculty further go?

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE STATE OF THE WORLD.

[BY ALFRED TENNYSON'S SUCCESSOR AS POET LAUREATE.]

THE weary World is sick nigh unto death
With stench of war and agitator's breath.
Look where you will, the patient pants and pines,
And on her face Death's sculptor carves deep lines.
Russia—groaning for a strong prescription—
Now bleeds beneath the warrior's dread conscription.
She thought she'd power to hold her foes at bay,
And at her conquering feet fair Asia lay;
Yet now she's being worsted by the Turk,
While savage hordes perform a demon's work.
Then Germany's heart is rent with racking pain
By the rebellious twins—Alsace, Lorraine—
Whom she kidnapped in rage from suffering France,
And who now lead her such a pretty dance
That she admits it is a mighty bother
To be of high-bred girls the foster-mother.
Though sore defeat can ne'er the land o'erwhelm
So long as Moltke and Bismarck hold the helm,
I trow that when in death they're cold and wan
France will present her bills from grim Sedan:—
And oh, may God befriend a staggering world
When broad the flags of giants are unfurled!
Poor France herself is thrown all out of gear
By the untimely death of wise M. Thiers,
And of Gambetta they a martyr make
As portion of a falling Marshal's stake.
Or turn to Spain, and mourn her wretched plight
As priests, like beasts, against her people fight,
And say in truth and justice if you can
That priestcraft's not a gallows reared for man
On which dark bigotry its rage may vent
Against all freedom and enlightenment?
But look at England with unjaunted eyes,
And scenes of sadness also here arise,
The miseries of which the prospect mar
As much as though they sprang from civil war.
The Sons of Toil are 'gainst employers banded,
While Capital heeds not that Labour's stranded
Upon the rocks of ignorance and want,
With food and death-rate high, and money scant.
Indeed, extend your vision as you will,
And spectacles of woe shall meet you still:—
Crime, penury, and bloodshed everywhere
Insult the heavens and pollute the air;—
No tongue nor time would e'er suffice to tell
How Earth bids fair yet to outrival Hell.
And yet, my God! while peoples pine and die,
Their governors and priestly guides—oh, fie!—
Employ their empty heads 'bout beads and creeds,
But seldom soil their hands with Christ-like deeds,
Thus threatening to enlarge the sweep of schism
And banish Truth before th' orthodox besom!

DARWINISM AND DANCING.

To the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*.

Sir,—When kind providence permitted the human species to drop the tail it was certainly not contemplated that the descendants of that race would employ tailors to fashion coats resembling the lost appendage to enable them to pay their respects to great men.

Let the sticklers for the swallow-tail coat remember that once upon a time the ass dressed in a lion's skin to appear at court, whence it was soon expelled on account of its assinine utterances.

A dress coat is but fashion's badge—a man is a man for a' that and a' that.—I am, yours, &c.,

DIOGENES TRUFELSDROCH.

WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.

Pots, 1s 4d. and 2s. 9d.



The City Jackdaw has passed into the hands of new Proprietors, and appears now under an entirely new Management. All communications, both for the Editor and Publisher, should be sent to

51, SPEAR STREET, MANCHESTER.

AMUSEMENTS.

ALEXANDRA HALL, Peter Street, Manchester. TO-NIGHT, the Great Laburnum: Mr. and Mrs. Hemfrey; Mr. W. Woodhead; Miss Maggie Zimmer; Mr. Hiram Travers. MONDAY NEXT, Brothers Pool, Miss Maria Balfour; Brothers Seward; and other Artists. Prices 6d. and 1s. Opens at 7.

THE MANCHESTER GLACIARIUM, RUSHOLME.

REAL ICE SKATING DAILY.

Open from 3 to 5, and 7-30 to 9-30 p.m.

BAND on TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY EVENINGS.

Admission, 2s.; Wednesday, 1s.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT if the Queen did not come amongst us last Saturday herself, she was good enough, at least, to send us Queen's weather.

That Manchester feels grateful to Her Majesty for this.

That the Tories did all they could, and all they dared, to make the New Town Hall rejoicings a failure.

That the magnificent trades' procession was the people's answer to the Tory tricks.

That The Great Maclure is not to receive a baronetcy just yet.

That Sir Joseph Heron refuses to pay a shilling a line for the advertisement in last week's Jackdaw about the procession.

That the Jackdaw will have to take out a County Court summons against Sir Joseph.

That the Royal Infirmary did manage to get out a little bunting this day week.

That a meeting of the trustees will take place on this important question.

That not a single rag would have been displayed under the old regime.

That the Queen refused to visit us because Beaconsfield hates Liberalism, and Manchester is Liberal.

That the cause of Conservatism would have suffered from her presence on such an occasion.

That the cause of Conservatism has suffered, and will yet suffer, a great deal more on account of her absence.

That every Conservative that hung out a banner, attended the banquet or ball, or walked in the procession, is to be tried by court-martial.

That Captain James Watson is to preside over the Court.

That Mr. Touchstone and the reporters of the *Courier* will be the chief witnesses against the unhappy culprits.

That the Jackdaw has been specially retained to take a shorthand note of the proceedings.

That "Verax" has resumed his labours in connection with the *Weekly Times*.

That his splendid article on the Town Hall has caused quite a sensation.

That it is about the finest bit of thinking, and the sweetest piece of writing ever produced here.

That everybody is wondering who "Verax" is.

That all is quiet at Pendlebury, the opposing forces being short of ammunition.

That the Happy Land Chapel dispute has been settled without the intervention of Sir John Mantell.

That the secretaries of the Master Joiners and Operative Joiners' Associations have mistaken their vocation.

That they should have been war correspondents—their reports seem so plausible, and are so contradictory.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

[BY A GENTLEMAN OF FASHION.]

THE people swear by Heywood now alone,
And love him as a hungry dog its bone—
In proof of which there's nought that's hourly worn,
The frame divine to mar or to adorn,
But what is honoured with our Heywood's name
By makers who've an eye to wealth and fame.
Men have Heywood breeches, Heywood hats and ties,
And women—both the wanton and the wise—
Wear Heywood bustles of Goliath size,
As well as Heywood belts that them disguise
Until the goods which from their waistbands drop
Make them appear an ironmonger's shop,
Or some Cheap Johnnie's travelling caravan
With wares that can't but catch each simpleton.

THE BISHOP AND THE QUEEN.

MESSRS. Blatherwick, Touchstone, and Stutter, and all that ilk, have lost their heads. According to them, our glorious Constitution has been crumbling to pieces for years; but at last the dreadful catastrophe is reaching a crisis. The Bishop of Manchester has taken to lecturing the Queen. After this, the deluge. Bishop Fraser—say Messrs. Stutter, Touchstone, and Blatherwick—has done many foolish things in his time, but never anything like this. The Queen of England and the Empress of India taken to task by a Bishop! Queen Victoria lectured by Bishop Fraser! Why, Lancashire will be in a blaze in a week; the United Kingdom will be wrapt in one great lurid conflagration in a fortnight; the stars will fall from the heavens, and the earth be burnt up in a month. Messrs. Stutter, Blatherwick, and Touchstone say they can no longer prevent all this from happening. They have done their utmost; but, they modestly add, they are not omnipotent. Bishop Fraser is the one arch-iconoclast who has entirely spoiled and rendered of no avail the herculean labours in which these saviours of society have abounded so long. It was by using the following remarkable words at the Mayor's banquet that our poor Bishop caused this mischief:—

"The Mayor has touched in a light and graceful way upon the regret we all feel in Manchester at the absence to-day of our Gracious Sovereign the Queen. It is a matter to me of profound regret, not for our own sakes only, but for the sake of the country and for the sake of the Queen herself. It may not be necessary to-day to appeal to the sentiment of loyalty in this country, but it may be necessary to make that appeal to-morrow, and if the day ever comes when it will be necessary to appeal to the people, and rally them round the throne, methinks the Queen of England will regret the day when she did not show her gracious presence amongst us. Her presence here would have kindled into an outburst of enthusiasm the spirit, the flame of loyalty, which always burns so

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

steadily in every Lancashire breast. We, of course, can console ourselves under our disappointment, and can recover from it, and I venture to think that if the Queen of England should come amongst us to-morrow she would find no trace of our chargin or of our regrets to-day. She would be welcome as she has ever been welcome, and we all know how keenly she felt her welcome in Manchester years ago. As it is, we can only say that we should have been glad of an opportunity of showing our loyalty towards one who, not merely by her official position, but by her noble personal character, is in every sense the first lady in the land."

The *Jackdaw* need not enlarge further on this painful subject. We can only wait, in patience and resignation, the Crack of Doom. Already we almost hear it; for has not Mr. Councillor Croston just issued the subjoined circular to the Presidents of all the Conservative and Constitutional Associations throughout the Kingdom?

"Manchester Conservative Club,

"Sunday, Sept. 16, 1877.

"Brother Constitutionalist,—The die is cast. The New Town Hall has been opened by the people, with tremendous and terrific rejoicings. They said they could get on without the Queen, and so they did, in the most magnificent, grandiloquent, and magniloquent manner. (You see I like plenty of adjectives. All good Tories do the same, but everyone has not such a command of this useful material as myself.) We, the leading Conservatives of this great city, have lost our heads, and also well nigh our hearts, ever since. It was we who kept Her Majesty from coming. The *Guardian* and the *Examiner* have hinted as much all along; but we denied it,—at least, Maclure did so, or made a show of doing so. We prevented the Queen from coming because Heywood, the Mayor, is a Radical, and because the electors preferred Jacob Bright to F. S. Powell. We sought revenge, and Beaconsfield stood by us like a man. But our glorious success has turned out an egregious failure. Notwithstanding the absence of Her Majesty and the opposition of the Conservatives, the opening has excelled all previous demonstrations, whether here or elsewhere. The Radicals claim all the credit, and—this on the quiet—they deserve it. Even our Radical Bishop helped the thing. He said 'the Queen will yet regret the day that she did not come.' Can we, can you, stand this? The Throne is in danger, the Church is in peril, the ascendancy of Conservatism in Lancashire is at stake, the supremacy of humbug is threatened. Her Majesty stood by us; we must stand by her. Come over and help us! Get up demonstrations everywhere. The Bishop's revolutionary language must be challenged and condemned. All the facts, and all the resolutions, and all the bunkum for these demonstrations will be specially manufactured by myself. You may have a supply of a thousand copies of the same, at the wholesale price of five shillings. Take action at once, sending your order and your P.O.O. to

"Yours, in the interests of the Constitution,

"(Signed) JAMES CROSTON."

Since this article was put in type, we have received the following important communication from Her Majesty, the same being brought to us early this morning by a special envoy, so gorgeously arrayed that we took him at first to be the head of a deputation connected with the Bal Masque at Pomona:—

"Her Majesty Queen Victoria presents her compliments to the *Jackdaw*, and desires to thank that funny bird for the copy of last week's paper. Her Majesty enjoyed it quite as much—it made her laugh so—as the beautiful scenery and invigorating air of Loch Maree. Her Majesty further requests her loyal subject the *City Jackdaw* to inform the editor of the *Courier* that she deeply regrets not having visited Manchester last week. Her Majesty hopes that the People will grant her a free pardon for this once. Her Majesty sincerely deploras having been misled by Captain James Watson and The Great Maclure, whom she can never forgive. She coincides with what your Bishop said on the subject. Give him her best regards. Her Majesty drinks to Manchester, its magnificent New Town Hall, its worthy Mayor, its admirable Bishop, and its unparalleled inhabitants! Her Majesty trusts to call at Manchester soon and make amends for the past."

We need not add that we have much pleasure in giving publicity to this royal despatch. Our contemporaries are at liberty to copy. Be it always understood that we do not blame the Queen for going to Loch Maree instead of coming to Manchester. Had she been left to herself, she would have been with us last week. But—to speak plainly—she was merely the dupe of Watson, Maclure, and local Tories generally, my Lord of Beaconsfield being their go-between. Men of Manchester, take a note of this. The battle has to be fought out yet. There may be honours in store for Abel Heywood such as neither King nor Queen could ever give him.

MANCHESTER must be the Home-rule head-centre in England, great meetings of the brotherhood being held in the Free Trade Hall nearly every Sunday.

GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAIN.

VARIOUS advertisements continue to appear in the columns of the comic daily Press of Manchester. Here is one taken from Monday's papers:—

NEW TOWN HALL BALL.—FOUND, a Number of ARTICLES.—May be had by applying to W. T. WARD, Hallkeeper.

Mr. Ward is a good-hearted sort of fellow. Moreover, Mr. Ward is a constant reader, and an enthusiastic admirer, of the *City Jackdaw*. He has, therefore, sent us a complete list of the articles in question. We thank Mr. Ward for his thoughtfulness; and, while we would gladly do anything for him, we are unable to find room to-day for more than a selection from his interesting list:—

1. An entirely new and extremely beautiful set of cards.
2. Several hundred pawn-tickets,
3. A telegram from Mr. Councillor Croston to the Queen saying that the Throne is toppling.
4. A pair of garters. (Ward—Steady, old boy! Remember that this is a respectable journal.)
5. One of the tails of Mr. Councillor Snooks's borrowed dress coat. (Snooks, you said in the *Jackdaw* last week that you were not going to the ball. Shame on you, Snooks, to deceive Mrs. Snooks by sneaking to the ball, after all.)
6. About a thousand I. O. U's.
7. A note from John Smith, Esq., to Miss Maria Brown, making an appointment at Belle Vue for the following evening.
8. Cinderella's glass slippers—both of them.
9. An order from Mr. Councillor W. Brown to the Queen's Hotel for a dozen bottles of decent and drinkable champagne.
10. Thirteen wide-awakes. (Appropriated when their owners were asleep.)
11. A gentleman who had fallen asleep on the top of the noble tower, the sensation resulting therefrom having made him lose his senses, so that he neither knows who he is or where I should send him. (In the meantime, it is added, he has been forwarded to the workhouse in a hamper.)
12. One thousand five hundred human hearts, as well as the quarters, halves, and three-quarters of an immense collection of other hearts. (Shocking! We did not know that our friends the Bashi-Bazouks were represented on the occasion. Were they, too, in swallow-tails?)
13. A widow's likeness of her latest husband. (This, says Ward, may be had cheap, as I don't expect it to be claimed.)
14. Reporters' note-books, any number. (Surely this must be an error on the part of our usually accurate correspondent.)
15. Fifty jokes addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street. (We are glad that these got lost, as we have quite a surfeit of good matter this week without them.)
16. A letter to the Editor of the *Evening Mail*, containing the names of all the persons present bearing the aristocratic cognomen of Robinson, Jones, Walker, Brown, or Smith.
17. Twenty thousand orders for copies of this week's *Jackdaw*. (Ward will oblige by sending these on at once, with the necessary remittance.)
18. The ends of one million bad cigars.
19. Sixty-four City Councillors and eleven Aldermen, with their spouses.
20. A family order for the Queen's Theatre on Saturday night.
21. Two hundred copies of last week's *Jackdaw*, containing the excellent likeness of the Mayor.
22. Our own "unfortunate Special." (We are prepared to redeem this article if Ward will give it up for a moderate tip.)

["Wards Complete List of the Lost Articles" may be seen on application at our publishing office, 51, Spear Street.—Ed.]

BELLE VUE GARDENS.—We observe that to-morrow the entertainments are to be under the special patronage of the Mayor and Mayoress, who have both signified their intention to be present. The entire proceeds are to be devoted to the Indian Famine Relief Fund. Additional firework attractions have been provided, and no doubt there will be a large attendance.

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaumts, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.

WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

IT was the grandest banquet ever held in Manchester. There can be no doubt about that. I heard it from a hundred lips as I hopped about the room between the rows of tables, now perching on the back of one chair, and then pecking at the unconsidered trifles which had fallen 'twixt plate and lip to the floor. Talk about the Lord Mayors' feasts! why, they are nothing to it. They may be larger, and perhaps cost more money—the *Jackdaw* knows, for instance, what this one cost a-head, but does not know how much the Lord Mayor pays,—but I am able to say, on the authority of a gentleman who is a master of gastronomy, and who shall not be further identified than by the remark that he holds the highest judicial office in the kingdom, that for exquisite *menu*, rare wines, magnificent display of gold, and glass, and flowers, and for the completely representative character of the company, the Town Hall banquet has not been and cannot be surpassed. There! If I knew anything about dinners, I daresay I should say the same; but, in truth, to a bird of my inquisitive and acquisitive habits, the proceedings offered points of interest far other than those related to eating and drinking. I wonder who arranged the seats around the tables? If it was Wrigley's work I should at once discover a humorous intention; but if it was done by several hands, the results must be attributed to the unconscious irony of fate. There were all kinds of curious juxtapositions. Next to the Bishop of Salford were Protestant Mr. Harcastle and Orange Mr. Charley. That best of diners-out and talkers, Mr. T. B. Potter, was condemned to silence between Alderman Curtis and the young-looking Lord Mayor of York. Dr. McKerrow and the Dean of Manchester had the privilege of sharing the little conversation the Secretary of the Admiralty had to spare. Councillor Croston, the Church defender, was *vis-à-vis* with Dr. Maclaren, the most powerful preacher of the Free Churches. Mr. William Hughes could offer his hand across the table to Mr. Maclure. Dr. Royle had only to turn his head and the poor Coroner was at his mercy; and the Rev. Dr. Thomson, the theatre-scurger, could, by craning his neck, have shot glances of defiance or words of fire at the trenchant critic who threw the light of common sense upon a question which had been obscured by prejudice and fanaticism in the pulpit. It was only, however, in the ideas which they suggested that these contrasts were amusing. Men who were opponents elsewhere were friends at such a board and on such an occasion. In due time all the clattering and jingling of knives and forks and glasses came to an end, and the brisk talk of many voices sank into a decorous whisper, when the toast-master arose, and in that grotesque manner which suggests that, not Mr. Toole alone, but the son of every toast-master, must be a born comedian, informed the lords and gentlemen that the Mayor drank to them in a loving cup. Before the cup had passed to many hands, we were well on with the toast list, and soon we had the Bishop on his legs, and with him every other representative of every Church except the Bishop of Salford, who kept his seat. The Bishop's speech was, in many senses, a surprise. It was longer than most of the gentlemen on whose behalf he was replying expected; and after standing for ten minutes or so, and seeing no indication that it was drawing to a close, Dean Cowie and Dr. McKerrow came to an understanding, and heard the rest of it in their easy-chairs. But it was a surprise in a better sense. If it had been longer it would not have been too long, for it was a burst of eloquence from beginning to end—an impetuous strain of incisive, striking sentences, delivered with unusual animation of manner, and in a clear, trumpet-like, ringing voice, which aroused with electrical effect the sympathies of the company. Cheer after cheer arose as the outspoken prelate referred to what thousands more were thinking about the influences which kept the Queen away, and the enthusiasm grew greater as he went on with his manly vindication of Manchester and its people from cockney snobs and the pharisaical writers of the weekly press. The *Jackdaw* has heard the Bishop often, but never to such advantage. Mr. Bright's speech came in quite a different spirit. It was subdued, calm, conversational, and it also seemed desultory. It was a magnificent piece of common sense, however, for all that, which is more than can be said for the amiable meanderings of Lord Wimmarleigh, or the laboured observations of Mr. Algernon Egerton. In fact, the Bishop and Mr. Bright made the only two speeches worth listening to; and the *Jackdaw* was not surprised to notice from the organ-loft—whither he had gone, to find out why Mr. Pyne had no refreshments sent him—that when Mr. Bright sat down a great number of the guests went away "to sport with Amaryllis

in the shade"—Amaryllis being a cigar, and the shade the reception-room.

After the banquet the ball—too soon after for some of the convivial souls who determined to enjoy themselves the night before. There never was a ball, perhaps, about which so much talk and controversy and feeling were absolutely wasted—about which so much contempt and scorn were affected to cover disappointment on the part of those who could not get tickets. The ball was to be a mob; the people there would be roughs; it was a place to which no fellow would take his wife;—all this, and a good deal more, the *Jackdaw* overheard in the course of his daily flight around the Exchange. But he is very glad to be able to say that, so far from being a failure, it was a most successful public gathering—one of the prettiest, gayest, best-tempered, most tastefully-dressed and delighted assemblies the bird has ever seen in all his ramblings among balls, routs, and garden parties. The noble hall was for the nonce a flower show, in which the ladies composed the exhibition; and charming they looked, dear creatures! and sweetly they smiled. Nowhere was there any sign of the dresscoat bogie. There were present undoubtedly some of the respectable workmen about whom the commotion was raised; and why should they not be there, as representatives of the largest class of ratepayers in the borough? But such as were there were not to be distinguished from any other members of society in dress or in behaviour. "There is safety in a swallow-tail," says the Dandiacal Mystagogue; and all the guests, with barely a single exception, sought safety in the black and angular abomination—hired, perhaps, or borrowed it may be; but what matters the how or the why to you and me? Strip us, my friend, of all the plumes we have borrowed, and even the wife of our bosom and the friend of our heart would be inclined to dispute our identity. As for the rest, everybody that everybody knew in public or semi-public life was there. It is needless to say that the Corporation of Manchester and Salford were in strong force with the Alderwomen and Councilloresses. The Alderman—the Alderman, though he is the youngest—went about with his hands in his pockets greeting his friends with a jovial side-long jerk that was thrown at a man in a manner suggesting that the head was to follow. There were the three B.'s—the beaming Batty, the buoyant Bazley, and the brilliant Brierley musing on other things now than the future of the poor. Famous J. W. roamed about in all the glory of a deputy-lieutenant's uniform, with a wistful look in his eye, which seemed to express the thirst of the soul within; and, running the great Maclure close for grandeur of apparel, was our encyclopedic captain and curator, the paleontological Plant. The learned doctor of laws, most amiable of irreconcilables, versatile, and vivacious as is his wont, was unblushingly flirting with three sisters, under cover of an argument with their father upon the beauty of the Positivism of Comte. The author of "The Pyrometer: its Uses and Abuses," not less renowned as a horologist than as a representative of municipal institutions, was informing a group of admiring women that St. Augustine introduced gas into Salford, and was the first man to discover that an oyster could not be opened with a rolling-pin. The "Lancashire Burns" moved through the room, his absorbent mind taking up material for jokes in time to come; the physiological professor of angelic name followed in his wake, as eager for an argument as an Irishman for a fight. The genial artist whose nimble fingers have left memorials of his exquisite fancy upon the decorations of the Hall, sat regarding the promenaders as though appraising their value as decorative subjects. Merchants, writers, doctors—even Dr. Royle—every class and every institution were included. Manchester, like Brussels, had gathered there "her beauty and her chivalry," and they literally packed the ballroom, they thronged the saloons, they poured through the deliciously cool corridors, they clustered on the spiral staircase, to watch the pretty changes in the human kaleidoscope below; or sat in pleasant alcoves; met friends; grouped themselves in family parties; talked, walked, and, in short, did everything but dance. Some danced, it is true, but they stirred less envy in the beholder than pity for themselves, and commiseration for the purse-holders who would have to make good the dresses irretrievably damaged in the crush. Imagine the picture seen as in and out through the motley rout the little *Jackdaw* kept hopping about. A hall which will hold three or four hundred is crowded with six or seven; some simply promenading around the walls, and others filling the floor-space in eager anticipation. Mr. Goodwin raises his baton, and the strains of music rise above the melody of girls' laughter that varies the murmuring of innumerable tongues. Is it a waltz? Then, instantly, the centre of the room seems to reel like a multitude swayed by a mighty impulse, or a giant over-filled with strong wine; and

LAIRITZ'S FINE WOOL OIL.—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER testifies to its great efficacy. PHILADELPHIA and Eight other Prize Medals awarded. Certain cure for Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, &c. Sold by L. BEAVER, 37, Cross-st., Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1/1½ upwards.

the reel gives place to a twisting and writhing as couples strive to disengage themselves from the surrounding pressure, as a nether sardine, for instance, after packing, might try to wriggle itself to the top row; and then we see something like method in movement has begun; and, seen from above, hundreds of Corydons and Chloes are seen twisting like factotums, each pair twisting on its own axis, because the space on all sides is the axis of other pairs, of spinners. Or is it the Lancers? Then the process of development from the inorganic mass to organised life and method is slightly different. You cannot make upsets as you like, because the *vis-à-vis* you want is on the other side of the room, and might as well be at the Antipodes, so far as your hope of approach is concerned. So, with charming Thais close beside you, you must take the good the gods provide you, and fall into the set that is nearest, which, as every set is compressed within the space covered by an ordinary newspaper, is not an easy thing to do. That was how the dancing went on hour after hour. It was verily dancing under difficulties; but then most people did not go to dance, and those who essayed saltatory exercises did it with a consciousness that it would expose them to prods from many gyrating elbows, and concussions with numerous shoulders, and kicks from all the flying feet. Nature has been well said to be full of compensations, and the worth of the maxim was illustrated even here. A good many delightful girls, who were deprived of the expected dance, found, the *Jackdaw* hopes, consolation, if not a counterbalancing advantage, in contemplating the distinguished names that filled their programme, and in recalling to loving remembrance the gallant phrases, the charming compliments, the felicitous *mots* which those distinguished personages addressed to them. We saw neither James of Manchester nor Herbert of Salford among the giddy crowd, but the names of both figure upon many programmes. Councillor William Brown was an accomplished dancer in his youth, according to the biography in "Men of the Time;" but the fuller curve of his epigastric region prevents him from wooing Terspichore in these latter years; and yet in many instances were ladies taking pride in the promise of a dance from our friend William. "Were things what they seemed, or were visions about?" Can it be possible that unscrupulous practical jokers dared to pass themselves off as bishops or councillors upon unwisely confiding ladies, or were the names written in the pleasant hours after the ball? The *Jackdaw* asks, but does not care to answer conundrums, and it leaves the answer now to its ingenious readers.

A LAY OF THE TOWN HALL.

[BY A WORKING MAN.]

1

HAVE you heard of one Fraser by name,
Who came,
And put the whole town in a flame;

The same
Who in the Hall we have made
Most assuredly said
The mind of the rest of the city,
'Tis a pity,
The mind of the rest of the city.

2

We'd invited our matronly Queen,
So green
To suppose that Conservative spleen
Had been
Purged of its gall,
Or willing at all
To honour the life of old Abel,
Our Abel,
To honour the life of old Abel.

3

They could find no convenient way,
I say,
To compass their dastardly play,
So they
Determined to foul
Like a shadowy ghoul

The life of our honest old Abel,
Our Abel,
The life of our honest old Abel.

4

So they worked in the dark like a mole,
What a rôle;
From the depth of their cowardly soul
They stole
On their carcasses prone
To the front of the throne
To blacken the life of old Abel,
Our Abel,
To blacken the life of old Abel.

5

But the people they rose like one man,
And ran
T'cast away this terrible ban;
The plan
They adopted was wise,
For it ope'd Tory eyes
To the depth of the love for old Abel,
Our Abel,
To the depth of the love for old Abel.

6

Thus the cowards who fired the train,
'Tis plain,
Soon saw that the plot which was laid
Was vain,
For the popular voice
Had sanctioned the choice
Of those who had chosen old Abel,
Our Abel,
Of those who had chosen old Abel.

7

And the lady who sits on the throne,
All alone,
Must feel there's been loyalty sown,
And grown,
In the shadowy past,
In the hope t'would e'er last,
But they must ne'er shy at old Abel,
Our Abel,
They never must shy at old Abel.

8

Sure the Tories can never be blind,
To find
That the people they never can bind,
Or grind;
And the Queen will then see
That we'll ne'er bow the knee,
For we don't mean to shunt our old Abel,
Our Abel,
We don't mean to shunt our old Abel.

9

Thus the Tories were tripped in a trice,
So nice,
When they tried to turn to cold ice,
By vice,
A feeling so true,
Which they very well knew,
We all feel to our trusty old Abel,
Our Abel,
We all feel to our trusty old Abel.

Mr. W. H. Wood, of Salford, had to leave the Trades' Council, at Leicester, on Tuesday, for the very adequate reason that he represented nobody but himself. Even Wood, it seems, cannot swim everywhere. Let it sink, then.

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THE NEW TOWN HALL AND THE INFIRMARY.

A SINGULAR poster was to be seen on the walls of the city during the procession on Saturday.

"A Striking Contrast: The New Town Hall, the Pride of the City; the Royal Infirmary and Pest Sheds of Piccadilly, a disgrace to the City—who is responsible for this state of affairs?"

We think the question worth asking. Apply to the doctors. They should know, for they reported it to be one of the best infirmaries in the country when they wished to stay there. The same doctors said it was one of the worst as soon as Owens College was built, and it was thought it might be handy to have the two close together. There was great aptness in putting the question when we were celebrating the opening of our municipal palace. That is a monument to the energy of the chosen representatives of the people; the Infirmary mismanagement is an example of what self-appointed busybodies can accomplish. Happily, we may hope for better things in Piccadilly. We have there now E. S. Heywood *vice* Hugh Birley deposed, Alderman King, Philip Goldschmidt, and other painstaking and business-like men, instead of J. W. Maclure, Rayner Wood, and Richard Haworth; Sir Joseph Heron instead of the Chancellor Christie. Give these men a few months and they will make the Piccadilly building answer the purposes for which it was intended. These men mean to do it as thoroughly as many of the members of the old management determined not to do it; but there will be a revolution before they succeed.

The spirit of obstruction seems to linger still among the managers of the Infirmary. As we said in the *Jackdaw* of last week, the Infirmary was the only public building in Manchester that had no flag hoisted in honour of the great town festival. The Corporation is the largest subscriber to the Infirmary; the Corporation, as representing the citizens, owns the Infirmary, and yet Dr. Reid, as Manager of the Infirmary, refused, so Mr. J. W. Maclure informs us, to allow the flag to be put up in honour of the Corporation. On Thursday, of course, there was a great commotion when it became known that Dr. Reid refused to allow the flag to be unfurled, and we suppose the chairman, Mr. E. S. Heywood, was appealed to. Nobody will ever accuse Mr. E. S. Heywood of doing anything rashly or resolutely, but, thank goodness! Mr. Heywood has some energetic and resolute colleagues, and we fancy they helped him to come to a decision. In any case, Dr. Reid was ordered, in spite of traditions; in spite of the antagonism of the doctors to the Corporation, whose servants, practically, they are; in spite of the unlimited hatred of Mr. H. Birley, M.P., to all things democratic; in spite of Mr. Maclure's declaration, at a dinner party at Withington, that he would prevent the Queen from coming to Manchester to do honour to a Radical Mayor; we say that, in spite of all this, Dr. Reid was ordered to erect the flag at the Infirmary, in honour of the much-abhorred Corporation of Manchester. A flag was erected 36 hours later on the Infirmary than on any other public institution, and yet we are the Infirmary trustees, and we are, though in another sense, the Corporation of Manchester.

ALARMING ILLNESS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE House of Commons is in a bad way. The patient's symptoms are positively alarming. Dr. John Bright, the distinguished Consulting Physician to the People of the United Kingdom and Humanity generally, having been called in, he has made the following diagnosis:—

"We wish, I presume, health to the House of Commons, and if I may be allowed to express an opinion—and there are others here who can correct me if I am wrong—I should say that for some time the health of the House of Commons has been but indifferent. I mean, if health is to be tested by vigour and freshness of life and action. Some nine years ago, I recollect, the House of Commons exhibited much life and much freshness, and everybody felt that there was a great assembly met with great aims and doing great work; but latterly, from some cause—and I don't blame the House of Commons, for the House of Commons is what it is by the fiat of those who sent it there—but I only state the fact that the House of Commons now appears to have lost all that vigour, and to be afflicted with a languor that is almost distressing.

I should say, from facts that are notorious, that its appetite seems to be feeble, and, as I have heard a doctor say in examining a patient, that the tongue if not actually foul, was in some degree furred. Well, now, what does a doctor recommend? What does your family doctor recommend when he finds some member of the household a little under par—deficient of energy, a little borne down, it may be, by the weary work of city life? Generally, he thinks that country air would be of advantage, and I am not certain if the only remedy to which we can look, the only change which will be of any benefit to this august assembly about whom I am speaking, will not be that, under some high medical authority, it should be sent back to the country."

A DOMESTIC SCENE AT MIDNIGHT.

THE DRUNKEN HUSBAND Hiccupeth.

NOW, what's the matter (hic) with you, Kate? Surely, to-night I am not late; Then, why should you (hic) upon me frown, As though I were some circus clown?

Some drink I've had, I freely (hic) own— That man who drinks not should be blown Right into space—(hic)—but just a little, For this old frame is getting brittle.

I've had but six of Bass's beer, With ten of (hic) wine and whisky clear; For as I came from out the town I met your uncle, old Tom Brown (hic).

THE DISCONSOLATE WIFE Sigheth.

Ah me! it was not always so; You still can mind the days, my Joe, When you would not have made me wait A minute for you at the gate.

But now, you see, I'm waxing old, And your once tender heart's grown cold; For hours I wait, and sigh, and pine, While you sit sipping beer and wine.

When you were thoughtful of me, Joe, I then was glad as wife below— I am not angry—oh! my heart!— Ne'er mind—kind Death shall soon us part.

OUR UNFORTUNATE BISHOP.

DOES anybody know who "T. Williamson" is? If not, everybody will know him after to-day. He has given the Bishop the cut, and his Lordship is expected to resign in consequence. Like sundry other Tories—for the gentleman we speak of is certain to be a Tory, showing, as he does, all the stupidity of that great party—Mr. T. Williamson is in high dudgeon on account of the Bishop's Town Hall speech. He has, therefore, let off part of the steam by penning the following extraordinary memorial:—

"To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Manchester:—

"Your Lordship's observations at the Town Hall on Thursday, caused me, with many others, the most profound regret. That your Lordship should express yourself, when alluding to the absence of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen from the city of Manchester, that the time would come when her Majesty would have great cause for regret that she did not show her face in Manchester on that day. The spirit of your Lordship's words are most questionable, and I doubt not, tainted with an unchristian feeling. Many are the occasions when listening to your Lordship's discourses have I left the House of God delighted, and I trust greatly edified. But I now deeply regret that the time should arrive when a breach should be caused, and a different feeling arise after reading your Lordship's speech at the banquet on Thursday evening, in the new Town Hall of this great city.

"I am, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

"T. WILLIAMSON,

"A Member of the Church of England for more than fifty years." Not content with simply sending the memorial to the Bishop, Mr. Williamson also handed a copy of the precious production to the Editor of the *Courier*, and, of course, that gentleman placed it in the columns of his paper. Oh, dear! oh, dear! Valiant Williamson! We have known you long, and it has ever been our conviction that you would distinguish yourself by putting your foot in it some day. With Williamson absent from the Cathedral, the Bishop's eloquence will be lost, and the building itself become a heap of ruins!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 61, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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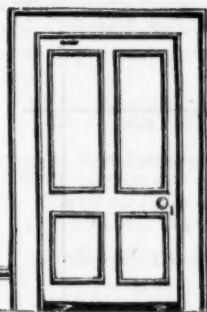
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